

NOVELTIES in FUR



One of the New Dyed Foxes



This Muff
Resembles
a Pouch



Frills of Velvet Adorn This Set



The Envelope Muff of Two Furs



A Collarette
of Dyed Fur and
Satin

ONE of the compensations for the advent of winter is that furs can be worn with comfort. Fur this year is more extravagantly used than ever, and every variety of pelt has been called into service and treated in a daring, unusual manner. The result is a collection of lovely novelties that win the strong approval of fashion's devotees.

If you admire the luxurious combination of velvet and fur, the beautiful set of fitch and sapphire-blue velvet will appeal to your taste.

This is truly an imperial combination handled in a worthy manner. To a gathered strip of the velvet a broad band of fitch is joined to form the scarf, which hangs gracefully from the shoulders. Gathered frills of the velvet border the sides and are looped up in front. This is a practical set for street wear.

Decidedly Parisian is the collarette formed of dyed and natural fox. A band of bright rose-colored fur is used through the center of the black fox, and the top and lower edges are fin-

ished with a narrow pleating of rose-colored satin. The collarette is clasped with a large bow of black satin, with ends of the dyed and natural fox. This novelty is chic and dainty, deserving a place in the smart woman's outfit.

The pouch-muff is a recent innovation, and this example is especially noteworthy. The rich elegance of this set will make it a favorite with all women. Mole-skin and taupe-colored fox are the furs so successfully combined, and bows of taupe-colored satin ribbon adorn the scarf and muff. The pliable mole-skin is drawn together at the base of the muff in pouch form, and a fox-tail tied with a bow of ribbon finishes it.

From Russia comes the pelt of a chipmunk called leopardine. This oddly-striped fur of brown and tan is allied frequently with sealskin, and the set pictured here illustrates the effectiveness of the combination. The stole ends, one of which is leopardine, cross over the front, and are held in position with a large disk-shaped button covered with leopardine. This fur also forms the left side of the envelope muff. Two leopardine buttons hold the sealskin flap in place.

Dyed fox is commanding the attention of the fashionable world, and is generally accepted as the season's greatest novelty. At first the furriers launched only a few pieces of a canary yellow, but at present fox appears in green, purple, red and blue.

This charming muff and stole are of purple fox trimmed with silk tassels and satin of the same hue. A large satin rose ornaments the neckpiece, and three gathered frills of the same material encircle the tail used on the muff.

The scarf and muff are lined with satin of the same tone. Another handsome set of dyed fox is of a rich tone of yellow. The scarf is of the broad capeline variety, and is a combination of fur and old-ivory-colored velvet. The velvet is draped gracefully over the shoulders and the ends extend almost to the knees. Bands of the fur five inches in width border the scarf, and the ends are drawn together and finished with a large tassel of silk, corresponding in color with the velvet.

The muff is spade-shaped, with the center entirely of fur. A gathered frill of the velvet borders the outer edge and a flat bow of the velvet adorns the left side.

Truly fur styles are more alluring than ever!

Junior Team Beat Simcoe--Black Rocks Won--Feds. After Daubert

Local Junior Team Swamped Simcoe

Came From Behind in Second Half and Won by a Large Margin.

The first O. H. A. game of the season was played here last evening, when the local junior team went down to defeat at the hands of the Hamilton Hockey Club's junior team by a score of 10 to 4, before a crowd of about two hundred people. When the Simcoe team went on the ice they looked like an intermediate aggregation, as the team was composed of some very husky chaps, but the Hamilton contingent went through them with little effort in the second half, and during the last ten minutes of play they scored no less than five goals. In the first half the Simcoe team went into the game in championship form, and after playing fifty-one seconds they registered the first point of the game, but this was followed by one for Hamilton before the game had gone very far. Simcoe came back strong and scored another, and a few minutes later added another, when Evans helped the net for the third goal. The Hamilton team up until this point had failed to show any speed, and it looked as if they were in very bad condition. But when the second half started, the local team showed a different attitude, and they began to play with more spirit. They scored their first goal in the second half, and then they went on to score four more in the next ten minutes. The Simcoe team was unable to do anything to stop them, and the game ended in a decisive victory for the local team.

George Chip, Fast Coming Middleweight



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East End Y Lost To Back Rocks

Buffalo Team Too Big For The Local Boys--Would Make Good Match For Seniors.

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Stoker to Bowl Jimmy Conway

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Freddy Smith Beat Culp With Ease

City's Best Bowler Rolled 269 in One String and Averaged 184 For Ten Games.

Fred Smith beat Lloyd Culp in a 10-game match game at the Brunswick academy last night before the biggest gathering ever assembled in the James street building.

The winner started out in the lead, but a 223 count by Culp brought the latter in front at 46 pins. Smith recovered 30 of this difference in the next game, and in the fourth Culp was even 114 pins by registering a big 200 string. Eight strikes in the next game by a 200 string and spare—constituted this big figure, which is the alley record this season.

Starting the fifth game with a 94-pin lead, Smith added to his margin in every following game, and at the end of the ninth game had 100 pins to the good over his opponent, who at this point retired from the alleys with a bad 100 score.

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100

**WOOL
WOOL
EASY
FOR**

Old Country News

ALL-BRITISH POLAR TRIP.

ATHLETIC PROFICIENCY.
The object of the British Olympic Council's scheme of "British Olympic Proficiency Badges," is to promote progress in all-round physical exercise. Awarding badges for a combination of performances, as judged in difficulty for boys and young men from 16 to 17 years of age and upwards.

ENGLAND

services of Police-constable Stevens who, after eight years at Bolsover, was transferred to Darley Abbey, in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, as an inspector, and was promoted to the office of constable with handsome oak-wood clock and a purse of gold.

The Yorkshire miners' annual demonstration has been fixed for 20 June. It is to be halted for by the bridge at the house of Mrs. Harriet Benson, well-known to the miners, and to lead to Hooton Pagnell.

Mr. Newbold, who was in his 88th year,

of Wight Education College, had been having himself a sad time of it, and was now in a way of extending over a period of nearly eleven years.

Of 160 aged poor to whom half-pence wages were distributed by the Brighton magistrates, 12 were nonagenarians. The oldest was 96 years of age.

At a Privy Council the King signed a proclamation fixing the reassembly of Parliament for Feb. 10.

Mr. John Sutton has just completed

The death has taken place at Greenock of Mr. W. D. Low, who for the long period of 35 years was master of works of the town, and who was an enthusiastic pedestrian and president of the Greenock Ramblers' Club.

"He disappeared one day and stayed away five years. Recently he reappeared and his wife took him back." "Are you happy now?" "No," he says, she's

CONVULSIONS IN CHILDREN.

"Ah, ah!" retorted the Chinese, with cunning leer, "me no such big fool to

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HOW TO AVOID NEURALGIA

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**Six of These Fruit Liver Tablets for Every Man,
Woman and Child in the Dominion.**



SCOTLAND

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Captain G. McFarlane, late of the Army Service Corps, of 64 Polwarth gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow, has been appointed by the Territorial Force Association as organiser for the Glasgow Na-

adium and Buds.

She wants to know where he was during those five years."—Louisville Courier-Journal

Buyers of Printing



Times Printing Co., Limited,
 Kingston and King William, Hamilton

*Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers
certainly do make short work
of headaches. 25¢ per box.*

The Devil Chair

A Chronicle of the Strange Adventures of John Haynes and His Gyroscopic Vehicle

By H. M. EGBERT

THE ARM OF JUSTICE

How the Vengeance of John Haynes Fell Upon Judge Charteris.

In his comfortable bachelor house in the Western town of Nokomis, Judge Charteris was seated in his arm chair. But he was not seated as a judge should sit, well poised and at ease, sure in the consciousness of his integrity and the approbation of his fellow men. Judge Charteris was huddled up and crouching forward, his right hand, and at his left a hardy, faded, perfect, burning itself slowly away in an ash-tray. The Judge's face was an unhealthy yellow, touched here and there with streaks of livid white which gave it a curiously blotched appearance. And, in fact, the man was trembling upon the verge of a nervous breakdown.

He had returned that afternoon from the court in which he had earned a reputation for the severe sentences which he meted out to the wretched criminals who fell into the clutches of the law. There he exemplified the law's contrived majesty; but here he was nothing but a cowardly, weak, elderly man, with a whole life of evil sin, injustice, stretching away behind him and the unknown future ever drawing more near.

The knowledge that this life was passing and that it had availed him nothing but hardy on him at times of introspection. But now, as he lay upon the table, a sheet of paper taken from an envelope that had been posted in Pittsburgh, which he had received some minutes before. On the envelope were scrawled four words: "Your turn comes now," they said. That was all, there was no signature—but he knew well that that message portended. When, five years previously, he had assisted in the Nokomis Land Company's nefarious scheme to return for a thousand shares in it, he had imagined that he could place his memories away and grind his conscience under foot, as he had done so many times. But the millionaire owner of the estate which the land gang had coveted was an Englishman, ignorant of the customs and the country. He had been torn from his wife and daughter, railroaded into the penitentiary for fourteen years as Pete Timmon, a gang leader—and the gang secured his hands, those upon which Nokomis stood. Five years went by without a sign of loneliness and despair for Haynes. Then he was placed in the penitentiary machine, upon which he invented a gyroscopic attachment which would propel any vehicle at an incredible rate of speed; he had been used by means of it, and one by one, he was hunted down and punishing the men who had betrayed and plundered him.

One of them knew where the next town would fall or who would be the victim. Now here, now there, East and West and South, John Haynes went like the wind in some infernal contrivance propelled by his gyroscopic machine. Each visit was followed by swift and terrible retribution.

Had it been death alone that would satisfy him, John Haynes might have been met by armed men; his victims would have taken heart and armored themselves and gone abroad like avengers. But the lust of retribution which had become a mania with the Englishman impelled him to deal his terrible blows with cunning and craft which resulted in the penalty bearing a more or less appropriate resemblance to the crime committed by each of the malefactors.

Judge Charteris looked up. The light was dying out of the West, the desolate prairies stretched almost up to the threshold of his home. Charteris shuddered. In such a land anything was possible. He would see, he would go south to warmer climes and leave no trail behind him. The letter had been posted only two days before. Surely, if he acted at once, he could yet contrive to elude that terrible vengeance.

He would leave no sign of his departure. He would pack a couple of suit cases, rush East upon the next train to Des Moines or Omaha, and there vanish. His shares had been sold long since; his money was stashed away in banks in various cities. If he abandoned everything in Nokomis, money, house, land, reputation, he could still reach places where more than a hundred thousand dollars in gold. Fancied, he could think of nothing else to do. And there it was warm—not like these desolate, snow-bound prairies.

He reached his trembling hand out to the telephone. "Give me Howard," he called. "Hello! Is that you, Mr. Hopkins? This is Judge Charteris speaking. I've got to go to Omaha on a private business. Private, mind you; nobody must know. Can you get me a special car inside two days?"

He heard the President of the Nokomis and Western answer:

"Sorry, but the trains are stalled in snow-drifts. Now if you wanted to go West I could manage it, but—"

"Then I'll go West," cried Charteris, determined at this juncture to throw the elements against him. "For God's sake get me a special car for anywhere—San Francisco, Portland, Los Angeles—"

Between himself and Hopkins existed an intimacy of many years' standing. It had been a mutual infamy when both were struggling lawyers, it had been nursed by Charteris through days of growing estrangement and a close league for mutual aid. In the end he arranged to go to Portland, and he had been sure that Hopkins would not betray him.

In a cluster of trees, perched upon the summit of the lone hill that dominated the town, John Haynes was watching the Judge's house, which stood on the outskirts of Nokomis, through a powerful field-glass.

He knew that the letter would reach him when he left his court that afternoon. He had seen it enter the house, saw it blaze up with light, and in imagination, saw his enemy receive the blow.

He was seated in a strange-looking vehicle. It might have been described best as a runaway, but it was not a runaway. It was a machine that was built like a farmer's cart, and as it started, and pulled itself out, it had excited great derision among the inhabitants, whose motor cars were always of the latest pattern. But what the buccos of Kansas and Nebraska and Colorado did not know was that the four wheels which were attached and placed within the vehicle, which, running upon a single wheel, driven by the gyroscopic, outsped the swiftest train in its mad flight toward Nokomis. In a blinding snow storm John Haynes had brought his companion to their post on the top of the hill. The wheels were removed, the huge tank stored with gasoline; now they were waiting, comfortable enough in the warm and weather-proof interior, stocked as it was with food and even luxuries for several days.

"Here! here!" said Haynes with confidence. "Tomorrow morning he will take a train eastward. I know the dog, he won't dare wait to take his medicine."

Suddenly lights flashed through the gloom before them. Instantly a sharp bang, borne across the stillness of the night air, came the chugging of a locomotive.

"Here's going to bolt now!" John Haynes cried in exultation. "Theobald, your duty will soon be at an end."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the other forcibly, and, stooping down, he began to unroll a little rug upon which were the instruments of his craft.

"You've done well, Theobald," said John Haynes, seating himself beside him. "And after tonight you can wipe me out of your memory. Reflect, man, he continued, placing his strong hand upon the other shoulders. "You might have been in his situation tonight."

"It's a terrible job," said Theobald gloomily.

"All justice is terrible, Doctor," answered the other. "But it is less terrible than crime. When you assisted the land gang to railroad me into the penitentiary, when you left me crippled and helpless with a treacherous bullet in my spine which you were bribed not to remove—was not that terrible?"

"I know—I know," Theobald muttered, uncorking the bottle of bi-chloride of mercury with which he was to sterilize his instruments.

"When I held you at my mercy," John Haynes pursued relentlessly, "it was upon you two conditions. First, that you should cure me—and that you did. Second, that when I summoned you should obey my call. You have obeyed—and after tonight you can forget the past; it will be as if you and I had never seen each other."

"But this—the dream of a madman!" muttered the doctor. "It can't succeed."

"It will succeed, Theobald," answered Haynes sternly, "and by reason of an inherent justice, even though it may be as you say, a madman's dream. Perhaps I am mad—but I have suffered and I will exact justice to the utmost. And I will exact justice to the utmost."

He broke off, and, taking up the glass, peered long and hard through it. An automobile was chugging in the road before Judge Charteris' house. Down at the station a heavy locomotive was pulling a train of passenger cars, just visible as the two bright lights upon their circular course through the gloom. Haynes placed his hand upon the starting wheel.

"East or West, it is all one," he said. "Theobald, are you ready?"

They drew up the automobile and, with lightning speed, some distance from the road, in case the station master should send searchers for them. Three hundred feet from the moment they would have stopped the observation of the most keen-eyed hunters in that darkness and in the knowledge that they were being watched.

Meanwhile Judge Charteris, suitcases in hand, was waiting at the railroad station. He had driven his own automobile through the bitter whiff of snow and now stamped impatiently up and down the platform, waiting for the train and car to come along side. When it arrived he noticed the two guards beside the driver.

"What are those men?" he asked sharply. "Assistants," answered the station-master. He would not notice the guards of the hold-up which he had received. With sure instinct he had discerned the fact that had been told him. He had no doubt that the two men were actually members of Clancy's gang sent to make observations. But, being armed, he had prudently suffered them to withdraw. He had privately instructed the driver to keep a sharp lookout for obstacles upon the track. Only at one spot could such be placed, for the prairie stretched away, without a sign of trees, clear to the Blue Mountains—and then on and again until the foothills of the Rockies and the broad alfalfa plains confronted them. At the Blue Mountains only, where the engine must slow down to surmount the hills, could any attempt be made by the guards carried loaded rifles.

Judge Charteris knew nothing of the danger. His only danger he felt he had shaken off when he stepped into his warm, comfortable car. Hopkins had not forgotten his love of

him. He did not stir as they approached, but snored in drunken slumber.

Haynes took the cigar box from the table, selected a perfect, lit it, and began to smoke. The doctor shook his head nervously when his companion offered him one. He was aware to his left his work was to be done. Haynes smiled indifferently, and seeing that Theobald was almost overcome by the tension, opened his case and drew out the bottle of chloroform. He crumpled a handkerchief, saturated it, and clapped it over the Judge's face.

A sigh, a stir—and then the Judge's breathing deepened and he became stertorous and slow. A deadly pallor began to overpread his face. When Haynes removed the handkerchief at last he lay profoundly still.

"How long will it last?" asked John Haynes coolly. "Fifteen minutes," said Theobald, wringing his hands.

"That will be time enough!" "Ample."

Haynes turned and seating himself in the chair, took up a magazine and read. Inside he saw a picture of "The devil-chair," the editors of the Blue River that would receive her when she left the track at the turn below.

That was not yet to be. For, hating the way, hating like a bee, the little gyroscopic runaway nobly bore up under the weight of the descending car. Had the latter obtained more impetus before encountering her, the runaway would have been crushed like an eggshell, broken though never moved from her place until her frame sprang into fragments. But now, as this slight shock was over, she was hunched and crouched its nose of victory; and the motor car, locked in that struggle in which neither could gain a yard. The car stood still.

Haynes took the unconscious Judge by the arms and dragged him off the car into the snow. The fall had ceased, and the cold was upon the mountains. It might have been twenty-five below zero; it might have been more. The rage which the Judge bore might as well have been wrappings of straw.

The fearful cold, penetrating to the bone, roused him from his faint. Haynes pulled him to his feet and, propping him against the platform of the car, said:

"Once there was a corrupt Judge," he said with slow and terrible precision. "He was a hypocrite, a scoundrel, a lawbreaker, a plunderer of the poor, a plagiarist of the strong, and a wrongdoer in every sense. Once, in the hour of his life, he had consigned him, one of the victims aware to kill that man, whose name was Charteris, having no secret in his mind to break his oath."

"But Charteris has outwitted him," Haynes cried, looking toward the snowing Judge. "He died before his victim's vengeance fell. He died in that car, ten minutes ago, in a fit of remorse, and so his victim's vengeance has been rendered useless and all his schemes of no avail."

Haynes came forward and, lowering Judge Charteris, he continued, with an abrupt change of manner. "You can live here an hour, and not much more, in this temperature. In half an hour the guards who are on the mountain will be here to kill you. You must know that and you will convey you to a place where you will never be caught."

He left the man in the snow and stepped into the runaway. With a snarl of the wheels and a pressure of the spring, he backed her, steered her from the path of the released car, and guided her to the roadbed just as the latter, freed from its support, rolled forward. It sped on down the grade, vibrating, rattled upward and downward, the noise of its progress growing fainter and fainter till only the least sound remained. Above the watchers waited in breathless silence. There came a crash, a roar from far below; then the splash of a cascade of water.

The train car lay bathed deep in the swift-moving, icy waters of the Blue River.

"Come, Theobald," said John Haynes. But even as the car leaped forward screams echoed from behind and a figure came running over the snow. It shrieked with little laughing and gasped and danced.

"The Clancy!" cried in mirth, and clapped his hands. "I've killed Judge Charteris!"

The rear lights of the returning engine flashed over the hill. Guided by the snow, the train sped on, hurrying along the track to where the mad man came.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

How Things Have Changed! "You thought I came to see you with the smell of liquor on your breath before we were married?" "No, and you thought I was coming to see you before we were married."

Hard to Satisfy. "Some men are not even satisfied when they marry and are supported in one state and are not even been accustomed," caustically remarked a woman.



BEFORE THEM LAY THE FILTHIEST TRAMP THAT EVER BEGGED FOR ALMS.

plundering aboard of her and there'll be two armed men in the cab. Get that!"

"You seem to think I'm one of the thieves," remarked Haynes pettishly in the broad dialect of the West. "Why," said the other candidly, "maybe you are and maybe you ain't. But there won't be no hold-ups on this special. Thanks!"

Haynes spun on his heel as though offended and re-entered the vehicle, which proceeded slowly westward along the road that ran for a short distance parallel with the embankment. About a mile from the station it ended in a deep gully beyond which was nothing but flat prairie for a hundred miles and a little more, until the steep ascent of the Blue line ran range began. Haynes laughed grimly as they sped through the darkness.

"It's going West, then," he said. "It's lucky we had this old auto covered, Theobald, for it must be nearly zero outside. Keep up your courage, man, in two hours, or three at the outside, all will be over and you'll be on your way back to your comfortable house in Nokomis, as snug as though you'd never left your bed to answer my summons."

and a smile of perfect happiness upon his face. He did not stir as they approached, but snored in drunken slumber. Haynes took the cigar box from the table, selected a perfect, lit it, and began to smoke. The doctor shook his head nervously when his companion offered him one. He was aware to his left his work was to be done. Haynes smiled indifferently, and seeing that Theobald was almost overcome by the tension, opened his case and drew out the bottle of chloroform. He crumpled a handkerchief, saturated it, and clapped it over the Judge's face.

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